DEWEY HAS WRITTEN HIS NAME UPON COLUMBIA'S TABLET OF FAME, AND GENERATIONS TO COME WILL SING THE PRAISES OF THE HERO WHO IS TO-DAY UPON OUR PROUD SHORES.

MARK TWAIN IS COMING HOME AT LAST.

After a Long Sojourn in Europe he Returns, Bettered in Health and Much More Prosperous in Finance.

Samuel Langhorne Clemens, or as you probably know him, "Mark Twain," returns to this country next month after a painful absence of several years.

Mark Twain's absence from the land of his birth has been painful for many reasons. During the time he was away he lost the last remnant of his once large fortune and has had to begin again; during that time, also, he lost his dearly beloved daughter, the brilliant Miss Clemens, who was about to go on the operatic stage to help her old father in his hour of need.

Mark Twain crouched under the first blow ready to spring up again; but under the second he fainted, and for a while was so weak of heart that his friends wondered if he would ever revive.

But revive he did, and Mark Twain of to-day is as lively and as humorous, as full of that peculiar vital eccentricity as ever he was in the sixties when his "Innocents Abroad" set the world laughing. Mark Twain's quaint sayings in that book have become current literature, and many of the funny things are now quoted by those who have never read the author.

A COUNTRY BOY.

When Samuel L. Clemens started along the roadway of life it was as a little chap in Missouri. The town of Florida was not a metropolis in 1835, and little Sam had a country boyhood. At the age of thirteen he found himself apprenticed to a printer in Hannibal; and then he began upon the work which he has followed all his life. For half a century he has "worked at the type," as Charles Dickens once said, without intermission.

While working as a printer young Clemens found it necesary to divert himself, as it were, financially. At one time he was a pilot on the Mississippi, a period which he has portrayed in "Old Times on the Mississippi."

His first real prosperity came when his brother was appointed Territorial Secretary to Nevada, and he became the private secretary of his brother. Then he was the editor of a paper in Virginia City, a sheet which did not pay too richly; and so he alternated between editing and mining, until finally finding a gold mine in the nib of his pen, he laid aside the pick forever and from thence forward devoted himself to digging money out of the ink bottle with the aid of a pen.

In 1866 he made a then remarkable journey to Hawaii and from that island he wrote letters home that were famous for their humor. At the age of thirty-one he found himself almost the only humorous writer for the newspapers of America, and adopting the name of "Mark Twain" he continued sending the letter and making them funnier and funnier. He enjoyed writing them, and the public enjoyed reading them; and there was money in it.

HIS FIRST SUCCESS.

A trip through France, Germany, Italy and Palestine furnished the material for "The Innocents Abroad," and when the book was done the inhabitants of those countries clamored so loudly for a chance to read it that it was speedily translated into their tongues and into Russian, Danish and Japanese as well.

After his return to America Twain was so popular that a lecture tour was planned and those who attended the lectures twenty years ago will remember Mark Twain and his readings from his own works. It was estimated that he cleared, in those days, upwards of fifty thousand a year from his royalties and the lecture platform.

Mark Twain's lamentable business disasters came early in the eighties. He started a book publishing firm, believing that authors should get a larger income from their books. And, knowing nothing of business, he went down steadily, it was said, from the start. Anyway in a few years the publishing house came to grief, and Mark Twain went abroad a ruined man, yet not penniless. Mrs. Clemens, who was a rich young woman of Elmira, New York, still had her income; and it is said that upon this sum the entire Clemens family, including the clever Mark, lived abroad.

At that time, you will recall, there were subscriptions started for Mark Twain. But Mark, on hearing of them, returned the money with the characteristic argument that his family would not allow him to accept it. He would have liked it for himself, he said, but the family did not want him to take it. "So please give it back to the people," he said. And it was given back.

Bret Harte, who has long lived in London, is a friend of the Clemens family. And between the two writers, Mark Twain and Bret Harte, it was agreed that a play could be written, one that would delight the world. The plan in writing was for Bret Harte to visit Mark Twain and the two, after a discussion of the plot, were to word the dialogue together.

At first it worked well. Bret Harte, himself the soul of method and punctuality, promptly arrived at the Clemens house, to be met by Mark in underclothes and fur overcoat, a costume much affected by him when at leisure in his own house, to be ushered into the library to write.

Here Mark would insist that Bret Harte take the desk: "Where will you write?" Harte would ask.

HARTE AND TWAIN.

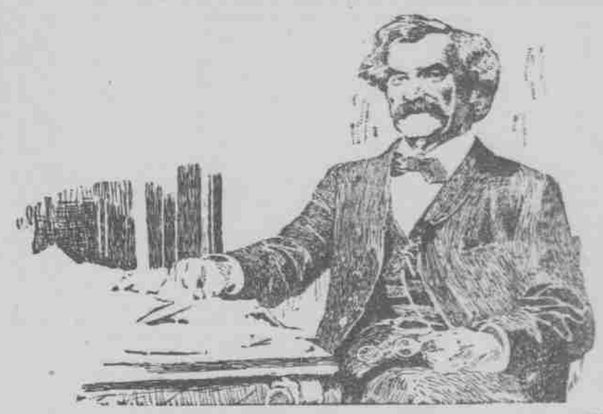
"Upon a barrel," Twain would promptly reply; and sure enough from a corner he would roll out a sugar barrel and upon the head of the barrel he would write, and no other place.

Well, the play never was written. Day after day the two famous old writers would meet and get to chatting and smoking. There were so many points of interest in common, throughout the world; so many charming books to be discussed; so many people to be criticised. Finally Bret Harte got impatient and it all ended in one of those pleasant little squabbles of genius which are so apt to occur.

It has been said by every correspondent who has visited Mark Twain in London that he received them in bed, in his night shirt, sometimes sipping his coffee; for Mark's breakfast is a movable feast and is served when he wakes, be it 9 or 12. The present writer remembers distinctly a morning call early this summer, when the head of the Twain family reposed between sheets, his shoulders well bolstered and his long thin arms clasped outside the coverlid. Mark was as wide awake, as full of ideas and as talkative, aroused from slumber at 11 in the morning, as he is later in the day when he presides over a family feast. And to more than one person it has been a wonder how he wakes up so lively, so full of wit, so keen as if he had been sharpening his senses overnight or had drunk wine that moment.

Fortune changes, like the tide; and somehow, though no one predicted that it would be so, the fortunes of Mark Twain changed; and he has found himself on his feet again. It is something like a year ago that a business friend announced that Mr. Clemens had paid off every cent of his indebtedness, and

AFTER A GREAT DEAL OF URGING MARK TWAIN RETURNS TO THE SCENE OF HIS EARLY TRIUMPHS, HIS NATIVE LAND, TO COMPLETE HIS BOOKS AND HIS LIFE HERE.



MARK TWAIN AS SKETCHED AT HIS DESK IN HIS LONDON HOUSE BY OUR ARTIST ABROAD.

was coining money, this time by lecturing and writing, as before, but without engineering the financial bark himself. He is making money and is a rich man again.

The people of the United States have never felt that it was right for Mark Twain to take himself away from the land which had given him so much and which was so fond of him; and for some time his many friends have been urging him to come back.

This he has at last decided to do and Lawrence Hutton, his most intimate friend, announced a few days ago that Mr. Clemens would be back in this country before November. He is to live at Princeton Inn, and should he feel like writing he will find a new fund of humor in the student life of the college. Truly, "Mark Twain is on his feet again."

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT ON HOW TO TREAT LABORING MEN.

A Talk With the Late Millionaire the day Before he was Stricken With his Terrible Illness of two Weary Years.

The last time I saw Cornelius Vanderbilt was two years ago last August. He stood in the big centre office of the Grand Central Station pulling off his gloves and preparing to get to work.

The next day they were strewing tan bark in front of his house, that stately pile erected by himself at the corner of Fifth avenue and Fifty-seventh street, and the solemn butler in liveried green at the door said that Mr. Vanderbilt was slowly sinking.

The August day was ideal; yet the head of the house of Vanderbilt, the owner of a hundred millions or more, looked singularly worried. His face was very white and he had the pinched look around the mouth that presages illness, and which always comes with death. If you had pinched him by the nose until it was white and bloodless, and had taken a pencil and with heavy lines drawn the furrows in his brow, you would have made his face as it was that day. Truly, thought I, money does not bring happiness!

I had gone to the Grand Central to interview Mr. Vanderbilt upon the subject of strikes. There were strikes in the land, and workmen and people wished to know how the largest railroad employer in the world viewed the railroad striker.

A PERSONAL TALK.

It was with some difficulty that I saw Mr. Vanderbilt, for Mr. Du Val, his secretary, said he was "very busy," and another secretary came hurrying out to say that Mr. Vanderbilt would see no one. But just as they were talking, Mr. Vanderbilt came walking in, hurrying because he had been delayed past the hour for the directors' meeting.

He stood facing me a minute pulling off his gloves with a slow, wondering look in his face, as though he did not understand. Then he held out his hand and said in that very low tone characteristic of him: "How do you do? Glad to see you. Can I do anything for you?"

"Only an interview," I said, "I want your opinion on strikes."

A weary look passed over the face of the millionaire as though he were taking up a vexatious subject. "You know I do not talk for print," said he.

"Yes, I know. But you will talk for your employees. What would you do if they were to strike?"

"I don't think they will," said he, quietly. "In fact I am sure they will not. You see we are differently situated. We give the men what they want: they get short hours, good pay, and fine treatment. That makes a man out of a workman. They would not strike; or at least, before doing so they would see me."

"I do not understand."

Mr. Vanderbilt smiled his slow, smooth smile. "Maybe not," said he, "but you haven't grown up on the road as I have. When I was a young fellow the men got in the habit of telling me their troubles and when I became a middle aged man they kept it up. Some people said that I would have to stop my familiarity with the men after I became president, but it has gone on just the same. If they had a grievance they would tell me about it before striking, if they were near enough to New York to do so."

Smiling again that slow, serious smile, the man of millions, held out his hand again and passed on into the directors' room.

A SAD MAN.

After he had gone I learned that he whose money could purchase many a nation of Morons was beset with cares; that nights his light burned late in the green library on Fifty-seventh street; and days he worked steadily and ate little. He was all ready for the stroke of paralysis which was slowly creeping over his system. If ever a man was a living exponent of the theory that paralysis is gradual, culminating in a final severing of sensation called a "shock," that man was Cornelius Vanderbilt that day. Even his eyes showed it; for he looked long before recognizing.

Of spotless character, of faultless integrity, of great industry, none had a harder life than he. An old friend of the family seated in the office that day told me how Mr. Vanderbilt had reared four sons and two daughters, and how sad had been his lot. The child of a wealthy but penurious father, he had worked over a ledger on a small salary until some years after he became of age, then, at his father's death, he had suddenly come into unmanageable wealth. His sisters, Mrs. Shepherd, Mrs. Twombly, Mrs. Sloane and Mrs. Webb were [illegible] with cares; the property of his brothers, William K. and George, was in his hands. His own little growing family also looked to him. Never had man so great a responsibility; and he was the man to feel it.

As the sons grew to manhood the eldest, William H., was the most promising. He was his father's constant companion. When he left to go to college Cornelius Vanderbilt was as inconsolable as a school boy without his chum. Later the boy was brought home from college with typhoid fever. He lived a week.

Then Cornelius, Jr., grew up; but he and his father never hitched. They saw things differently. How many boys do see things differently from their fathers. Young Cornelius was one, and it wasn't always his fault. When Cornelius left college he was engaged to Miss Grace Wilson, one of the Orme Wilson family, and Cornelius, the elder, did not approve. The young lady had been out in society some years, and young Cornelius was very inexperienced. That was the only public knowledge of the basis of disapproval.

That night before the stroke of paralysis Cornelius and his father "had it out," and after the young man left the library the father sat there stunned.

That autumn, while the father struggled with death the young man married and the two, father and son, agreed to go different ways. Who shall say which was right? Can one blame the dead? Yet is not the living a worthy man, upright, hard-working, steady!

ALONE AT LAST.

When Cornelius Vanderbilt died the other night in his mansion, the most expensive in New York, there were only those around him who had been summoned from bed at midnight. He arrived home from Newport in the evening; at 12 the household was alarmed. There had been another shock from which he never rallied. Reginald, the youngest son was called, and Miss Gladys, a girl of sixteen, and Mrs. Vanderbilt. Alfred the elder son was journeying around the world; Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, the oldest daughter, was still at Newport. So, in the mansion which might have sheltered a score of grandchildren, and which was undoubtedly built for the families of all the sons and daughters, the millionaire passed away with his two youngest children at his side.

The writer well remembers a remark made to him by Mr. Vanderbilt some years ago. It was "Young man live quietly. Try to go to church; try to do your duty; walk in the right. There is happiness there—and if you do right, always intelligently, the money will come. Don't worry, don't quarrel—and the money will come!"

CLARENCE S. RUSSELL.

DEATH MASK OF CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

USELESS DOORWAYS.

An unnecessary doorway in a small apartment may be made use of for books and bric-a-brac so as to be very ornamental. Place two uprights and a few shelves inside the door casing, and stain or paint them the color of the wood work. With brass-headed nails fasten on the edges of the upper shelves a narrow leather trimming such as may be bought for the purpose. On the second shelf from the bottom arrange a brass rod and hang pretty silk or cretonne curtains upon it that will reach the floor. This will be found an excellent place to stow away old magazines and newspapers.

AN ALLIGATOR HUNT WITH THE SOLDIER BOYS.

A member of the 71st Regiment declared the other day that nothing kept the troops alive, while waiting to move, like the sport of alligator hunting. According to his tell, the sport of shooting an alligator out-distances that of hunting the graceful deer or bringing down the squawking wild duck. Sportsmen who had once hunted the great reptile would be satisfied with nothing less exciting.

The fact that scientists insist that both the alligator and the crocodile are slowly but surely disappearing from the face of the earth and that by the middle of the next century man will have an opportunity to deplore their complete extermination makes the study of this wonderful beast particularly interesting. In spite of all that may be said they look just what they are, creatures of prehistoric times, when the earth was inhabited by monsters, strangely forgotten and left in the passage of the centuries.

During ages unnumbered crocodiles have infested the Nile down to the Mediterranean. A Gaulish pilgrim of 565 A. D., whose diary has been preserved, states that horses and oxen were frequently devoured at Damietta. A hundred years ago, even, they were not uncommon in the neighborhood of Cairo, but to-day the signs of their extinction are multiplying wonderfully. Travellers who pass up the Nile now seldom see a crocodile. The fact is that they are beasts who have nothing in common with civilization and that as the steamboat and other modern inventions have appeared they have retired of their own free will to seek repose in more quiet spots. Further south they have gone and as man has followed them they have retreated so it is safe to say that it will not be many years before they will cease to exist altogether.

The same rule applies to the alligator and the single species of crocodile that is indigenous to Florida. Years ago they were very plentiful and were multiplying rapidly, but as the State has become populated their number has decreased. Many have been killed, of course, but this will not account for the remarkable decline in the population. In fact it is but another story of the experience in Africa told over again. At the coming of man and the accompanying steamboat they have retreated and within half a century they will probably have entirely disappeared.

THE MASCOTS.

In spite of this, however, there are still many alligators in the South just as there are crocodiles in Africa if one sets out to find them. During the war with Spain, when the United States troops were encamped in Florida there were several exciting experiences with these brutes. At one time a soldier who was in swimming found himself face to face with an alligator. The brute's mouth was open and it was only by most fortunate circumstances that he escaped being beheaded by the brute.

On another occasion the members of the 71st Regiment of New York found one embedded in the sand, where he had gone to spend the winter. The saurian was speedily captured and was adopted as the mascot of the regiment, but when, a few weeks later, he wandered into one of the tents and started to attack an officer, he was speedily dispatched by a bullet. The skin was preserved, however, and was carried as a mascot all through the Santiago campaign.

Those who are up in crocodile lore are well acquainted with the fact that in Asia and Africa babies are rented for bait to crocodile hunters, but there are few, unless they have had the actual experience, who would believe that a similar practice was in vogue in the south of Florida. It is a fact, however, as any experienced hunter will attest.

The alligator is like the crocodile in this respect. He likes to eat babies, not his own awkward offspring, but nice human babies, fat and dimpled. To obtain such a delicacy for his palate an alligator will travel far and risk much. This fact is so well known that it has become the practice for alligator or crocodile hunters to use babies as bait to lure the reptiles to their death.

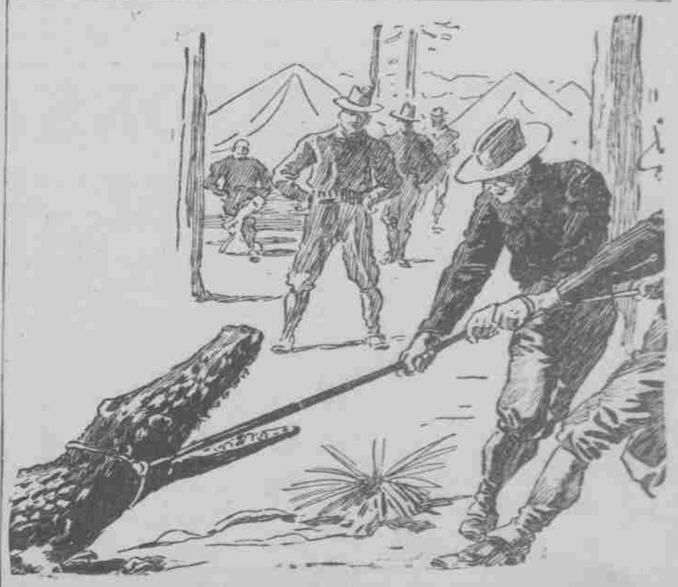
A nice, fat baby is rented for the occasion from the cracker mother to whom a half dollar is ample recompense for the risk that her child is to run. The baby is then taken to the shore of some pond or river, where it is attached to a stake by means of a stout cord that has been tied around its waist, while the hunter conceals himself in the brushes or swamp grass near the place. This method of treatment is usually too much for even the self possession of a cracker baby. He is used to being neglected and even ill-treated, but being tethered to a stake and then left alone is rather more than he is willing to stand, and he voices his indignation to the full extent of his lungs.

CALLING THE ANIMAL.

This is just the part that he is expected to play in the game of alligator hunting. His voicing of his emotions so frantically is heard far up and down the river or to the farthest limits of the pond. Almost before the hunter is ready to receive his prey a black, ugly head appears on the water, the black, deadly eyes moving slowly from side to side, as if searching for the vociferous infant. Up to this time he has been moving slowly, but as soon as he catches sight of the tempting morsel on the shore he increase his speed until he is moving very rapidly toward the spot where the infant is raising his voice in loud lamentations.

It is this moment that tries the nerve of the hunter. The alligator has eyes only for the screaming and kicking child, and the hunter realizes how important is the position in which he has placed himself. A miss would mean death for the baby, but it is pleasing to record the fact, such misses are seldom made. On the other hand, some of the hunters are such crack shots that they allow the monster to come within a few feet of his prey before they send the single shot that causes instant death, directly into his eye.

Some of the babies that are rented out as bait in the alligator regions of Florida have been "shot over" so many times that they do not mind the experience, but when a child has never baited a 'gator before it is pretty thoroughly frightened when the ordeal is over. As a rule, however, the sound of the firearms scares the baby worse than the presence of the monstrous jaws and the rows of sharp and glistening teeth, but with gentle handling after the alligator has been killed the youngster quickly recovers his normal condition of careless repose.



SOLDIERS CAPTURING A BIG ALLIGATOR WHICH WAS AFTERWARD KEPT AS A MASCOT.